THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

THE charms of innocence, and the pleaſures of retirement, have ſo often afforded ſubjects for different authors to deſcribe, that the very mention of Arcadian ſcenes and emboſomed cottages, excite a kind of inſtinctive diſguſt in the mind, for even the picturesque deſcriptions of a Ratcliffe are allowed to be drawn to a length which fatigues.

In ſpite of this prevailing paſſion for novelty, this deſire of reading ſomething which never before was read, the author muſt inform his fair readers that the heroine of his ſtory was the inhabitant of a humble cottage, ſituate at the decline of a hill; that a riſing wood defended it from the bleak blaſts of Boreas, and that the ſmall piece of ground which incloſed it reſembled Flora's bower.

Eliza Laſcells was the daughter of a man who for his ſervices to his country met with no other reward than a few honourable ſcars, which, though they bore teſtimonies of the dangers he had encountered for it, neither obtained him the applauſe of his ſuperior officers, or the approbation of his king. It was the misfortune of Lieutenant Laſcells to belong to a regiment, the commander of which was allowed to poſſeſs a puſillanimous mind, and who, inſtead of availing himſelf of an advantageous ſituation, by which he might have cut off the reſources of the enemy, ſhamefully ſounded a retreat. Whether this order did not reach the detachment he commanded, or whether his men were fired by the valour of their chiefs, is a circumſtance which has never been determined, but certain it is, that inſtead of retreating, they attacked the oppoſing army, and though their numbers were very inferior, drove them from the field. The commanding officer, inſtead of applauding this heroic action, reproved Lieutenant Laſcells for diſobedience of commands,

and from the effect of his wounds, upon returning to England, he was compelled to retire upon his half pay. Diſguſted with men who had acted ſo ignobly, and wounded by the cruel treatment he had received, he retired with his wife and infant into the northern part of England, for the expreſs purpoſe of living cheap. In leſs than two years after his eſtabliſhment in Yorkſhire, this valiant, but ill-fated young man, died, leaving his widow and child with but little more to ſubſiſt upon than Mrs. Laſcells, as his relict, had a right to receive.

Shocked at the loſs of an affectionate huſband, whoſe wiſhes had always been directed toward the promotion of her peace, her grief for ſome time deprived her of the power of exertion, but at length ſhe was rouſed from her torpor by the duty ſhe owed his child. The engaging tenderneſs of the little Eliza ſoftened her ſorrows, and renewed in her breaſt the love of life, while the cultivation of her mind prevented the intruſion of painful reflections, and was at once the ſource of joy, and the ſolace of grief. The education which Mrs. Laſcells had received, completely fitted her for the taſk of inſtruction, though ſhe had unfortunately offended her family by the choice ſhe had made, and even after the death of the object who had excited their reſentment, they refuſed all aſſiſtance both to herſelf and the child. Mrs. Laſcells, therefore, determined to give her daughter ſuch an education as ſhould enable her to ſupport herſelf in ſome genteel plan of life, neither did ſhe ſuffer her to be ignorant of thoſe domeſtic qualifications which are eſſential in the character both of a mother and a wife.

By the extreme natural ſenſibility of the amiable girl's diſpoſition, this anxious parent was frequently pained, for in ſpite of all precaution ſhe obſerved that her feelings frequently defied the power of conſtraint. "My Eliza," ſhe would often ſay, "why will you not remember that ſenſibility is only amiable while under reaſon's controul: and that by giving way to exceſſive feeling, the mind becomes enervated, and unfits us for the common duties of life. I admire that ſenſibility which leads us to commiſerate the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, but I deſpiſe that ſpurious kind which would fly from diſtreſs, and for the ſake of preſerving itſelf from the ſight of affliction, would avoid adminiſtering conſolation to the boſom of a friend!"

Though the generality of parents wiſh for beauty in their female offſpring, yet this was another ſource of inquietude to Mrs. Laſcell's mind, for Eliza enjoyed ſo large a portion of this dangerous poſſeſſion, that her mother's foreboding heart often trembled, leſt it ſhould prove a ſource of much diſtreſs. Eliza had now reached that period of life, when maternal ſolicitude finds itſelf agitated by additional alarms; ſhe had juſt

entered

entered her ſeventeenth year, and was one of the moſt lovely and intereſting girls that poſſibly could be ſeen.

Though Mrs. Laſcells lived retired, yet there were ſome few families in the neighbourhood with whom ſhe aſſociated upon the footing of friends, but the one with whom ſhe was the moſt intimate was that of a Mr. Herbert, who did not live more than a quarter of a mile from her abode. As Mr. Herbert's living was but ſmall, and his family numerous, he received three or four pupils into his houſe, previous to their going to the univerſity, as he was a man of profound literature, and highly eſteemed. Among the number was a young gentleman of the name of Charlton, who had nearly completed his education at a public ſchool, but having early diſplayed a fondneſs for diſſipation, had been placed under the care of Mr. Herbert, for the purpoſe of being beyond its reach. To a moſt prepoſſeſſing figure, was united an elegance of manner ſeldom perceptible at Mr. Charlton's age: and ſo complete an adept was he in the art of deception, that his tutor had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the real turn of his mind. He had been placed under the care of Mr. Herbert when Eliza was about fourteen, and as there were three years difference in their age, he conſidered her as a mere child; yet he frequently expreſſed his admiration of the charms ſhe received from nature, and inſtead of treating her with familiarity, his manners were tinctured with reſpect. He remained near two years under the tuition of the worthy rector, and during that period made frequent excuſes for viſiting Mrs. Laſcells, and knowing her fondneſs for flowers, upon returning from the vacation always brought a collection from town. Theſe ſhe received as mere boyiſh teſtimonies of politeneſs, and Charlton inſpired the warmeſt eſteem in her heart, for ſhe had no idea that one ſo young could have any motive in ſuch attentions beyond that of a natural deſire to pleaſe.

When the period arrived that Edward Charlton was to quit the protection of his worthy tutor, the deepeſt dejection ſeemed to overſpread his mind, which Mrs. Laſcells attributed to the very great regard he felt for him, which the young man took every opportunity to expreſs; and this circumſtance confirmed her in the opinion of the natural goodneſs and ſenſibility of his heart. All the family felt uneaſy at the idea of a ſeparation, and it was evident that Eliza participated in their concern, though ſhe never expreſſed it to her mother, and for ſome time had avoided mentioning his name. The day before he was to leave the country, ſhe complained of indiſpoſition, and could not be perſuaded to leave her room, which her mother attributed to the exceſſive dejection ſhe always teſtified when even ſlightly ill. Several times in the day Mrs. Laſcells found her daughter in tears, which ſhe attributed to the indiſpoſition of which ſhe complained, and not entertaining the ſlighteſt idea of the real

cauſe of her affliction, imagined her natural cheerfulneſs would return in the courſe of a few days. Inſtead of which, her dejection appeared to increaſe hourly, and her fond mother entertained the moſt alarming apprehenſions for her health, and theſe were augmented by Mr. Herbert explaining his opinion of the real cauſe of her diſeaſe. A thouſand new ideas crowded upon her imagination, and ſhe recollected a variety of reſpectful attentions which had been paid to her child, which had eſcaped her obſervation, from conſidering Eliza too young to have inſpired attachment, and placing an entire confidence in the ingenuouſneſs of her mind. She was ſoon, however, an entire convert to Mr. Herbert's opinion, for upon entering her daughter's bed-room one morning, ſhe perceived the following lines, which after peruſing, ſhe returned to the place where ſhe found them, undecided how to act in ſo diſtreſſing an affair.

To Miſs LASCELLS.

I go from the ſcene of delight,
To the ſpot where the muſes retire;
While mem'ry will paint to my ſight
The form of the maid I admire!

But ſay, would Eliza deplore
The loſs of a friend ſo ſincere?
If ſhe thought to behold him no more,
Would ſhe bid him adieu with a tear?

Would the ſoft azure beam of her eye,
Overflow with a cryſtalline dew?
Would her boſom expand with a ſigh,
For the woes of a heart—that is true?

If ſhe knew that the heart was oppreſs'd
With ten thouſand diſtreſſing alarms,
Leſt ſome youth, by the gods highly bleſt,
Should ſue, and obtain thoſe bright charms?

Diſperſe then, Eliza, theſe fears,
Oh! baniſh this exquiſite pain;
For I'd wander a pilgrim for years
To behold that lov'd form once again!

To behold it, as oft I have ſeen
Illum'd with a ſmile of delight;
When thy Edward appear'd on the green,
Diſclos'd by the queen of the night!

How oft o'er the lawn have I trod,
To obtain but a glance of that face;
How oft the inſenſible ſod
With the tears from my eyes has been trac'd.

When

When ſtretch'd on its boſom, I lay
Foreboding this terrible hour;
Of force—by a mandate away,
To Cam's academical bow'r!

Oh! let me not go with the fear,
My abſence you will not regret;
Oh! ſay, that thy Edward is dear,
And his love thou wilt never reject!

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the variety of emotions which agitated the breaſt of Mrs. Laſcells upon the peruſal of theſe lines; they not only proved to her that Mr. Herbert's ſuſpicions were well founded, but convinced her that ſhe had loſt the confidence of her child. That the ingenuous Eliza ſhould have had a thought concealed from a mother, to whom ſhe had hitherto expoſed every ſecret of her heart, gave that mother a pang which it would be difficult for the imagination to picture, or for the power of language to deſcribe. After a few moments reflection, ſhe returned to Eliza's apartments, took poſſeſſion of the poem which had occaſioned her ſo much diſtreſs; and aſſuming a ſmiling countenance, followed her daughter into the garden, whom ſhe found ſeated in an arbour bathed in tears.

"I have been looking for you, my deareſt girl," ſaid this affectionate parent, "and was coming to reproach you for concealing this mark of gallantry from me; but I am alarmed at ſeeing this unuſual depreſſion of ſpirits, and cannot ſuffer my Eliza to have an undivided grief. It is that you regret the loſs of your companion? or have you reaſon to place any confidence in theſe lines? Can Edward Charlton have made any impreſſion upon your affections, without firſt making me acquainted with the wiſhes of his heart?"

The tears of Eliza flowed with increaſed rapidity, and upon Mrs. Laſcells embracing her tenderly, ſhe threw herſelf into her arms, exclaiming, "Oh, my beloved mother! I am unworthy of your tenderneſs; I am a wretch undeſerving your fondneſs and regard!" In vain this afflicted parent endeavoured to ſooth her child's affliction, in vain tried to perſuade her to diſcloſe the ſituation of her heart; to every interrogation which ſhe put reſpecting Edward's conduct, ſhe could only obtain an evaſive reply. It was not poſſible for Mrs. Laſcells to have formed an objection to Edward Charlton as a ſon in law, for ſhe was delighted with the apparent amiable turn of his mind: but ſhe had heard from Mr. Herbert that his father had different views for him, and ſhe trembled for the future happineſs of her child.

(To be continued.)

Narrative

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 505, of our laſt Volume.)

AFTER their victory at Caſtlebar, the French received great additional acceſſions of Iriſh peaſantry to their ſtandard, chiefly, as before, from the weſtern and mountainous parts of the county of Mayo. To furniſh theſe multitudes with fire-arms, the ſtores brought from France were quite inſufficient, though, according to the account of Colonel Charoſt to the biſhop of Killala, five thouſand five hundred muſkets were diſtributed in the laſt mentioned place to the inſurgents. Theſe new levies of mountaineers were generally very awkward in the uſe of guns, and proved to be of no very effectual aid to the French, who had expected far more powerful aſſiſtance from the Iriſh. They had alſo expected to be immediately followed by additional troops and ſtores from France. Totally diſappointed in their former expectation, and ſeeing little proſpect of being gratified in the latter, they began to ſuſpect that they had been ſent on a deſperate errand, as a forlorn hope, to annoy, not to conquer, the enemies of their country. Like brave and faithful ſoldiers, they reſolved to perform their duty, even in this caſe, and to make every effort in their power againſt the Britiſh government, until irreſiſtible neceſſity ſhould compel them to ſurrender.

General Humbert, having ordered, on the 1ſt of September, the troops left at Killala to repair to the main body, commenced a rapid march, very early in the morning of the 4th, from Caſtlebar, through Foxford, toward the town of Sligo, perhaps with a deſign of attempting to approach the town of Donegal, where the additional forces from France were expected to make a landing. Lieutenant-colonel Crawford, with a body of troops, ſupported by another under General Lake, hung upon his rear; another under Major-general Moore watched his motions at a greater diſtance; while the Marquis Cornwallis, with the main army, moved in a nearly parallel direction from Hollymount, through Clare and Ballyhaunis, toward Carrick-on-Shannon, intending to regulate his ſubſequent motions by thoſe of the enemy.

The advanced guard of the French having paſſed Tubbercurry, after a ſkirmiſh with ſome yeomen guards, and arrived at Colooney, was oppoſed on the 5th by Colonel Verreker of the city of Limerick militia, who had marched from Sligo for the purpoſe, with three hundred infantry, thirty of the 24th regiment of light dragoons, and two curricle guns. The colonel found the enemy arranged for his reception between him and the town of Coloony. After a ſmart action of about an hour's continuance, he was obliged to retreat, with the loſs of his ar-

tillery to Sligo, whence he withdrew his little army to Ballyſhannon. He has ſtated his loſs of private ſoldiers at only ſix killed and twenty-two wounded. Himſelf and four other officers were ſlightly wounded, and one, Enſign Rumley, ſlain. He was informed that the loſs of the French exceeded fifty, of whom thirty were wounded.

This oppoſition, though attended with defeat to the oppoſers, is ſuppoſed to have cauſed the French general to relinquiſh his deſign on Sligo. He directed his march by Drummahair toward Manorhamilton, in the county of Leitrim, leaving on the road, for the ſake of expedition, three ſix-pounders diſmounted, and throwing five pieces more of artillery over the bridge of Drummahair into the water. In approaching Manorhamilton he ſuddenly wheeled to the right, taking his way by Drumkerin, perhaps with deſign of attempting, if poſſible, to reach Granard, in the county of Longford, where an alarming inſurrection had taken place. Crawford's troops hung ſo cloſe on the rear-guard of the French as to come to action with it on the 7th, between Drumſhambo and Ballynamore, in which action they were repulſed with ſome loſs, and admoniſhed to obſerve more caution in the purſuit.

The French army, paſſing the Shannon at Ballintra, and halting ſome hours in the night at Cloone, arrived at Ballynamuck on the 8th of September, ſo cloſely followed by the troops of Colonel Crawford and General Lake, that its rear-guard was unable to break the bridge at Ballintra, to impede the purſuit; while Lord Cornwallis, with the grand army, croſſing the ſame river at Carrick-on-Shannon, marched by Mohill to Saint-Johnſtown, in the county of Longford, to intercept it in front, in its way to Granard; by which movement it was reduced to ſuch a ſituation that, if it ſhould proceed, it muſt inevitably be ſurrounded by Britiſh forces in number, I believe, between twenty and thirty thouſand, and commanded by one of the moſt accompliſhed generals of the age. In this deſperate ſituation, Humbert arranged his forces, with no other object, that I can conceive, than to maintain the honour of the French arms. The rear-guard being attacked by Colonel Crawford, about two hundred infantry ſurrendered. The reſt continued to defend themſelves for above half an hour, when on the appearance of the main body of General Lake's army, they alſo ſurrendered, after they had made Lord Roden, with a body of dragoons, a priſoner, who had advanced into the French lines to obtain their ſurrendry, and who now, by ordering the troops of his party to halt, fortunately prevented ſome effuſion of blood. The rebel auxiliaries who had accompanied the French to this fatal field, being excluded from quarter, fled in all directions, and were purſued with ſlaughter. The number of their ſlain is reported to have been five hundred, which ſeems much leſs to exceed the truth than returns of ſlain in the ſouth-eaſtern parts of Ireland.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding its diminution by deſertions in its march, the force of the rebels accompanying the French army, is ſaid to have conſiſted of fifteen hundred men at the time of this ſurrendry. The loſs of the king's troops is ſtated at three privates killed, twelve wounded, three miſſing, and one officer wounded, Lieutenant Stephens, of the carabineers. The troops of General Humbert were found, when priſoners, to conſiſt of ſeven hundred and forty-eight privates, and ninety-ſix officers; having ſuſtained a loſs of two hundred and eighty-eight ſince their firſt landing at Killala.

The prudence of Lord Cornwallis in the plan of his movements, in a line between the invading force and the interior country is evinced, beſide other circumſtances, from an inſurrection in the neighbourhood of Granard, which had place while the French were marching from Caſtlebar, and had been deſigned to make a powerful diverſion in their favour, and even to afford them a commodious poſt, whence they might more conveniently direct their operations againſt the metropolis. The united conſpiracy had been embraced by multitudes in the neighbouring counties, particularly in that of Longford, where men of property had eſpouſed the cauſe. Their plan is ſaid to have been to riſe at the ſummons of their chiefs in the neighbourhood of Granard, to ſeize that poſt, and then, with augmented hoſts, to attack the town of Cavan, where conſiderable ſtores of arms and ammunition were depoſited. They nearly ſurpriſed the former town; a body ſaid to conſiſt of ſix thouſand, but probably two or three thouſand, inhabitants of the counties of Weſtmeath and Longford, very few of them armed with guns, advancing againſt it in the morning of the 5th of September, before any conſiderable force could be procured for its protection. Moſt critically, Captain Cottingham of the Cavan and Ballyhaiſe yeoman infantry, arrived with eighty-five men for its defence, after an extremely expeditious march from Cavan, between ſeven and eight o'clock in the morning, when the rebels had come within ſight of the town, under the conduct of Alexander Denniſton, a yeoman lieutenant of the Maſtrim cavalry, who had deſerted his troops to join the inſurgents.

Cottingham's force, compoſed wholly of yeomen, conſiſted of only a hundred and fifty-ſeven infantry and forty-nine cavalry. He choſe a ſtrong poſition between the aſſailants and the town, on the hill on which Granard is built; but obſerving that the rebels, who had at firſt advanced in one column, divided into three to ſurround his little army, he retreated to another poſition ſtill nearer to the town. Here, protected by a bank and other fences, the yeomen awaited the onſet of the enemy, who driving before them a multitude of cattle, which the defenſive party turned aſide without falling into confuſion, advanced very cloſe to their line, and received a deſtructive diſcharge of muſ-

ketry. They perſevered however in their attempt, with long intervals of pauſe, during five hours, from between nine and ten o'clock in the morning till between two and three in the afternoon, when they fled, and were purſued with ſlaughter. The number of their ſlain is, in the captain's official account, ſaid to have exceeded four hundred, and in an anonymous account nearly twice as many are aſſerted to have fallen; while of the royal party, not one was killed, and only two ſlightly wounded. The gallant officer, whoſe conduct on that day, with that of the men under his command, gave a conſpicuous proof of the effectual ſervice of yeomen infantry, was, in proportion to his actual merit, leſs inclined to exaggeration; I cannot ſuppoſe that ſo many as two hundred could have fallen. Beſide the officers, three gentlemen are much praiſed for their behaviour on this occaſion, Andrew Bell, of Drumkeel, and Moutray Erſkine, who volunteered, and Ralph Dopping who defended the entrance into the town by the barracks. This victory was of great importance, ſince it prevented the ſpreading of the inſurrection, and thoſe murders and devaſtations which muſt have been its conſequences.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of Francis the Second, the preſent Emperor of Germany.

FRANCIS II. the ſon of Leopold II. the nephew of Joſeph II. and the grand-ſon of Maria Thereſa, aſcended the throne of his anceſtors in March, 1792, at one of the moſt awful and critical periods recorded in hiſtory. The well-intentioned but impolitic innovations of Joſeph II. had furniſhed French revolutionary intriguers with the means to profit by the diſcontents of his ſubjects in the Low Countries, and to excite them to an inſurrection, which Leopold appeaſed, but did not cruſh; his troops diſperſed the inſurgents, and overawed them, but did neither change their diſaffection by removing the cauſe of their complaints, nor convert them to their duty by convincing them they were in the wrong, and that their liberty and proſperity were inſeparable from their loyalty. Badly adviſed, Leopold left his ſon an ally in Pruſſia, more dangerous than an enemy; the connections with Ruſſia unſettled, if not broken; no treaty with England; Turkey pacified, but diſſatisfied; an unavoidable war with France; the German empire divided by the intrigues of Pruſſia, terrified by the threats, and convulſed by the emiſſaries of France.

Francis II. had not much above a month held the reins of government as a king of Bohemia and Hungary, before the republican faction in France, as the only mean to ſucceed in its

plots, forced Louis XVI. to declare war againſt him, and to ſend inſtructions to the French miniſters at Ratiſbon, and all the German courts, to oppoſe the election of this beloved nephew of his queen, as a king of the Romans and an emperor of Germany; yet France met both with military and political defeats. Its armies were repulſed both in Brabant and Flanders; and in June, 1792, Francis II. was crowned and proclaimed the ſucceſſor of his father, as the ſupreme chief of the German empire.

Born in the delicious climate of Tuſcany, inſtructed, under the eyes of a careful father, by able governors; at the age of eighteen the Archduke Francis, by the deſire of his uncle, the Emperor Joſeph, left Italy for Germany, was united with a beautiful princeſs of Wurtemberg, and ſoon after accompanied his uncle to combat the Turks, then at war with Auſtria. During the diſaſtrous campaign of 1788, and the glorious one of 1789, this young prince not only ſhewed an undaunted courage, but talents much above his age and experience, and which did honour to the Marquis Manfredini, who had ſuperintended the military department of his education.

In February, 1790, the Archduke Francis had to lament the loſs of his conſort, whom he adored, and of his ſovereign, an uncle nearly as dear to him as his father; if one of theſe deaths brought him a ſtep nearer to the imperial throne, the unaffected ſorrow of the widower and of the nephew proved, that ambition enters for little in a truly virtuous mind, and that the ſplendour of a crown, the grandeur of rank, and the renown of power, are unable to alleviate the real grief and misfortunes of palaces more than of cottages.

Policy is often the ſecond deſtiny of princes, to which they are forced to ſubmit, and not ſeldom, when the happineſs of a nation, over whom they are to rule, is in queſtion; they become the victims of their elevation, and ſhare it with perſons, repulſed by the inclination of their hearts. This was, however, not the caſe with the Archduke Francis. In obedience to his duty as a ſon, as a prince, and as a ſubject, he celebrated, in 1791, another nuptial with his highly accompliſhed couſin, the Princeſs Royal of Naples, whom he loved before he married, and who was worthy to reign in his boſom, as well as on his throne, becauſe in his conſort he has found a friend, and his ſubjects a mother.

When, therefore, in 1792, the unexpected death of his father, the Emperor Leopold, called him to govern ſo many different nations, he poſſeſſed by his ſide able aſſiſtance to ſupport the heavy burthen of ſtate; and if the diſaſters of the latter part of the campaign in that year, were the conſequences of an impolitic confidence in an ancient rival, the brilliant ſucceſſes of the imperial arms in 1793 were entirely owing to the vigorous

activity

activity of the imperial councils, in which the empress had a distinguished share.

No longer the dupe of his Prussian ally; having in vain endeavoured to rouse the tardy zeal of the Germanic body, and to avoid all jealousy, his imperial majesty, in the spring of 1794, assumed in person the command over the combined army in the Low Countries; and, after the solemnity of his inauguration at Brussels, as the duke of Brabant, accordingly took the field. The tyrannical decree of the regicide convention had already placed all the youth of the most populous nation in Europe at the disposal of a government, which inundated alike, and with the same indifference, the scaffolds and the fields of battle with the blood of their enslaved and degraded citizens.

To resist these numerous foes, who marched between the guillotine and victory, whom danger made desperate, and amongst whom despair usurped the place due to courage, not only union was required between the confederate powers, but assistance in men and money from the inhabitants of Belgium, as having the most to fear from their revolutionary neighbours; but the selfishness of Prussia prevented the former, and the intrigues of France the latter; and the emperor, after obtaining, on the 17th of April, a great victory near Landrecy, in which he exposed his sacred person, and owed to British valour his safety, and after a less successful attack on the 18th of May, near Turcoing, foreseeing, that the division amongst the allies must make the immense numbers and systematical exertions of the republican armies, then commanded by the able General Pichegru, in the end preponderate, abandoned the command in the middle of the campaign; and, disgusted with the past, uncertain of the future, and equally alarmed at the progress of France, and at the more than suspicious conduct of Prussia, he retired to his own capital, to prepare new resources to resist both the arms of an inverate foe, and the plots and pretensions of a treacherous ally.

Since that period, during the many and various changes, Francis II. has evinced himself to be as modest when favoured by fortune, as great when it deserted the colours of loyalty for those of rebellion. It would, however, have been more advantageous both for Austria and for Europe, and perhaps the peace of Luneville might have been avoided, had his imperial majesty oftener followed the dictates of his own judgment, and the advice of his consort, than listened to the not always disinterested persuasions of courtiers and counsellors, of military or political intriguers.

Persons, who have been honoured with permission to attend the private, or rather family court parties, either in the imperial castle at Vienna, or in those in the country, do not know what to admire the most, the emperor and empress as amiable, though

powerful ſovereigns, or as tender parents and affectionate relatives; a dignity becoming their high rank, or a ſimplicity which would be condeſcending, liberal, or benevolent, even in illuſtrious individuals.

It requires both conſtancy and moderation, both juſtice and capacity, both vigour and firmneſs, to hold, in troubleſome and unfortunate times, the helm of authority over nations as divided by cuſtoms, language, religion, and intereſt, as by climate; Europe has, however, witneſſed, during the laſt ten years, the proteſtants in Hungary, the lutherans in Bohemia, and the catholics of Auſtria, Germany, and Italy, all alike ready to ſacrifice their lives and their fortunes for their prince, without being either tempted by French ſophiſtry, ſeduced by French promiſes, or intimidated by French threats. If this conduct be honourable to the loyalty of the ſubject, it is at the ſame time an eulogy on the character of the ſovereign, and proves to preſent and future ages, that if moſt of the predeceſſors of Francis II. have been more proſperous, none of them was ever more beloved.

Anecdotes of Sir William Sidney Smith, while a Priſoner in the Temple.

Written by a Fellow-Priſoner.

VIRTUE in fetters, loyalty calumniated, and patriotiſm enchained, excite compaſſion and reſpect, but not always admiration; becauſe it demands from the unfortunate not only dignity but magnanimity. As few have conſtancy and firmneſs to ſupport an unmerited reverſe of fortune, as to endure with becoming moderation a ſucceſs oftener owing to chance, than it can be claimed by honour and genius. A modern poet ſays, "an honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God;" and a heathen writer has declared, "that a virtuous man ſtruggling with misfortune, and riſing ſuperior, is a ſight the gods muſt contemplate with pleaſure." Sir S. Smith, confined in the Temple, in conſequence of an exertion of perſonal bravery, threatened with deſtruction and diſhonour, and expecting death as a violator of the laws of war, by rebels and regicides, who reſpected no laws either ſacred or human; the laws of nations no more than the rights and liberties of the people; the independence of ſtates no more than the ranks of ſovereigns; is a character civiliſed Europe ſeldom exhibits.

Among the numerous victims who crowded the republican Temple Baſtile, during Sir Sidney Smith's long confinement, there was not one who did not experience his aſſiſtance, his generoſity, his liberality, or his conſolation. His example and his noble demeanour inſpired courage, and were an encouragement

ment to all to look for resources within themselves, to trust to their innocence, to their good cause; to confide in providence; and then they would with him feel a comfort in the doleful republican dungeons, which their tyrants could envy but never enjoy.

To the wretched, time is, without interruption, tedious and long; to a prisoner under the axe of the guillotine, the nights come never too soon, nor the mornings too early. The dreadful idea of the uncertainty of existence, made the days of many as troublesome and insupportable as the nights were agitated and restless. What poor D'—— often repeated, during an agony of sixty days, may be applicable to all persons imprisoned in the Temple;

" Je disois a la nuit sombre:
" O nuit! tu vas dans ton ombre
" M'ensevelir pour toujours.
" Je redisois a l'aurore:
" Le jour que tu fais eclore,
" Est le dernier de mes jours!!!"

To forget, therefore, both time, life, and tyranny, many innocent amusements, or rather occupations, were resorted to. The common chat at the breakfast table; the not uncommon laugh at the dinner: and the silent, thoughtful look at supper, evinced that the presence and patience of all were necessary for the endurance of the misery of each individual. Between breakfast and dinner, reading, and walking across the rooms, seldom in the garden; between the dinner and supper, some harmless games; some card-parties for trifles (few for crowns), where prisoners of all stations, of all ranks, of all ages, and of both sexes, joined. A prison, like the grave, levels all distinctions; renders all persons countrymen, as well as equals.

The condescension, as well as the humanity of Sir Sidney Smith, were alike remarked, praised, and esteemed. He was affable to every body, though, during his detention in the Temple, it often contained a most heterogeneous mixture of republican revenge, treachery, tyranny, and suspicion. Foreign ambassadors, Italian marquisses, French dukes, Spanish grandees, Swedish counts, German barons, Swiss loyalists, Danish merchants, American contractors, French actors, and sansculottes, ballad singers, all fraternised with him at the same time.

Immured in this abode with so many different victims, the British hero not only never gave way to unmanly despair himself, but, by his conversation, infused hope even into the hopeless. His buoyant spirits, and the conscious elevation of his character, supported him above every injury and indignity. Detained without cause, and without any probability of exchange or release, his active mind and indefatigable genius were constantly employed

ployed on ſchemes of eſcape, and deviſing means to convey his perſon to thoſe ſcenes of enterpriſe and glory, from which the affections of his heart could never be divorced. With the franknoſs and boldneſs of a brave ſoldier, he avowed his intents both to his gaoler and to his fellow priſoners, Perhaps no circumſtance in the illuſtrious life of this great and extraordinary man affords a more curious ſpecimen of romantic honour and noble frankneſs, than his repeated declarations to his gaoler, that he would uſe all poſſible means for effecting his eſcape; and his frequent acceptance of indulgence on terms of truce, and accompanied with a promiſe that he would, during the period ſpecified, rigidly ſuſpend all operations for forwarding his emancipation. And ſuch confidence in his parole, and ſuch dread for his threats, had the ſevere Argus Beſſroy, that he repeatedly ſaid that he would let the Engliſh chevalier, if he dared, walk about all Paris, when he had his word of honour for his return; but that, when he would not give it, he feared to loſe ſight of him, and trembled for his eſcape during the day, and dreamed of it during the night.

The laſt forty-eight hours before he broke his bondage, nobody could obſerve the leaſt change in his behaviour, nor any alteration or agitation at the eve of ſuch a momentous undertaking. Nothing can do Sir Sidney Smith more honour than the univerſal regret and uneaſineſs his departure from the Temple cauſed amongſt his former fellow priſoners. To know what was become of him, the gaoler had thouſands of queſtions put to him, but in vain; his laconic anſwer was always the ſame: *Le chevalier n'eſt plus mon priſonnier!*

On the eleventh day after his eſcape, it was firſt known in the Temple that he was ſafe in England—*Il eſt ſauve!*—*Il eſt ſauve!* was the general acclamation; joy was in every face, ſatisfaction in every heart, and, for one day, wretchedneſs was exiled from this its otherwiſe organiſed abode. All were happy in the ſuppoſed happineſs of their friend and benefactor, and more wine was drank, and more riots took place among the priſoners, than for ſix months before; ſo much ſo, that numbers were the next day confined in their beds by illneſs, and others in dungeons upon bread and water, for their indiſcretion, as conſpirators or accomplices in his eſcape. The brave but imprudent Major R—— alone cracked half a dozen of champaign to the proſperity of the Chevalier Smith, and to the confuſion of the Directory. What augmented, if poſſible, the rejoicings in the Temple on this occaſion, was an anecdote which deſerves to be remembered. All perſons who have been ſtate priſoners in France, have experienced that the moſt dreadful moments are the diſappearance of a fellow priſoner who is known and eſteemed, and the arrival of a ſtranger, who is often, with juſtice, ſuſpected of being a ſpy or a *mouton*, as the infa-

mous

mous ſpies in priſons are called. One of theſe degraded men, an Italian quack doctor, arrived in the Temple the ſixth day after Sir Sidney Smith had left it, and as the inquiries about him always continued, this Italian gravely ſaid, " I ſaw him ſhot yeſterday on the Sablons, and becauſe I pitied his fate, I was ordered to take his place here." The conſternation in an inſtant became common, a tear was in every eye, and a ſigh in every boſom—the dinner remained untouched; but the humanity of one of the turnkeys leſſened our grief, though he dared not to remove the cauſe by telling what he knew. He addreſſed himſelf with a ſignificant look to the Italian, and, in offering him a ſlice of roaſted mutton, ſaid, " *Les Italiens, ſont-ils des amateurs des moutons.*"

All the priſoners had more or leſs experienced the generoſity of the Britiſh warrior; but ſince he was no more among them, ſo many delicate traits of liberality and humanity came out, to illuſtrate the true character of an hero as great within the walls of a priſon, as in defending the ramparts of a fortreſs, or in commanding the wooden walls of his country; his abſence was therefore ſo much the more felt, as, in cruel and ſelfiſh France, neither humanity nor generoſity have left any poſterity.

When the Directory had information of Sir Sidney Smith's arrival in England, they acted with more ſeverity, and even ferocity, towards their arreſted victims. Hardly a day paſſed, when not one or more priſoners were unexpectedly called out to be ſhot, and thoſe ſcenes always occurred during the dinner, whilſt it was thought the hours of execution had for that day paſſed over.

Among many others, young Louis de Bourg, formerly a page to the king, was in that manner ſuddenly carried to the Sablons, a victim of Barras's beaſtiality; he had remained confined two months in the Temple. After ſome weeks, he was only once confronted for five minutes with a military commiſſion, his name being upon the liſt of emigrants. In the month of July, 1798, a fortnight afterwards, juſt when he had ſat down to dinner, two directorial ſatraps, accompanied by ſix gens d'armes, entered the room, and told him in half an hour he ſhould be no more, and ordered him to follow them. The ſenſations of his twenty-two fellow priſoners at the ſame table with him may be eaſily conceived. But Du Bourg coldly addreſſed them with ſome gentle reproaches for trying by their tears and lamentations to deprive him of courage to ſubmit with dignity and reſignation to his fate; and whilſt the gens d'armes were preparing his fetters and handcuffs, he wrote to his mourning friends with a pencil, the following lines:

" Puiſque par la nature
" L'homme au trepas eſt aſſervi,
" Il faut bien qu'il l'endure:

" Un jour de plus, s'il eſt ravi
" Ne vaut pas un murmure,"

In ſuch a manner lived and died moſt of the priſoners in the Temple.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

REPARTEE *of a late* CORNISH CLERGYMAN.

ABOUT forty years ago the rector of a market town in Cornwall, in paſſing one of the ſtreets was accoſted by an old gentleman called Jewel, who was a great quidnunc, and ſpent many hours of the day in leaning over his half-door to ſee the people that went by, and to learn all the news that was ſtirring, when the following ſhort dialogue enſued:—

JEWEL. Well, parſon, how far are you going?

PARSON. I am going up to the fiſh-market; but, I think, there was never a town near the ſea ſo ill ſupplied with all the better kinds of fiſh.

JEWEL. With one exception, parſon; we have a great number of ſoles (ſouls) in this town, but we have nobody here that knows how to *ſave* them.

PARSON. And we have many *jewels* in this town, but they are deviliſh rough and unpoliſhed ones.

V. U.

On the SENSES.

THE ſenſes are the organs of information to the mind; and upon their evidence the learned and the vulgar rely with equal confidence. Yet the clearneſs, and, in many inſtances, the truth of their evidence, depends upon the degree of attention that has been exerted. Where the exertion of attention has been habitually neglected, the ſenſes loſe their vigour, and the perceptions become languid and confuſed; but where, on the contrary, the perceptions have been exerciſed by attention, they acquire new ſtrength, and are brought to a degree of perfection, which, in ſome inſtances, appears quite extraordinary.

This truth will appear beyond all diſpute, when we conſider, that people, who, from their peculiar avocations, as hunters, ſailors, &c. are habitually intent upon diſtant objects, become capable of diſtinctly diſcerning objects at ſuch an immenſe diſtance, as totally removes them from the ſight of ſuch as have never been accuſtomed to make ſimilar obſervations.

Remarkable INSTANCE *of* RESUSCITATION.

JAMES POLLARD, armourer on board his majeſty's ſhip Sirius, accidentally fell into the river Merſey; a quarter of an hour elapſed before the body could be diſcovered, and when brought on board not a ſingle ſign of life remained; the lungs had ceaſed their action, neither pulſation of the heart or arteries, with a deadly coldneſs of the breaſt, &c. Notwithſtanding ſuch diſcouraging circumſtances, Mr. Norman, the lieutenant of the Sirius, determined to perſevere in the proceſs directed by the Humane Society, which, in about an hour, providentially brought about languid appearances of vitality, and by the next day his perfect reſtoration of health.

Mr. Norman has formally certified to the Humane Society, that James Pollard was fifteen minutes in the ſea, and when brought on board was to all appearance a dead man; but by the perſevering uſe of the means recommended by that invaluable inſtitution, and the aſſiſting zeal and philanthrophy of Mr. Hendry, the ſurgeon of the Sirius, his valuable life was providentially reſtored.

This is another very pleaſing inſtance, amongſt hundreds of others, of the very great utility of the Humane Society, which is juſtly entitled to univerſal ſupport.

GENEROSITY *of* BRITISH TARS.

A Poor labouring man, who had been ſome time out of employ, entered lately into the ſea ſervice, and was put on board the Tourterelle, till he could be ſent to the fleet, which happened not long after. His wife, big with child, without money, and at a diſtance from her friends, went on board to bid him farewell. The ſeamen of that ſhip, moved by her ſituation with that noble tenderneſs of feeling which ever characteriſes Britiſh bravery, flocked around her, and emptied their pockets into her lap, ſome of five ſhillings, and ſome of as many pence, till a little fund was raiſed amply ſufficient to ſupply her more immediate wants, and to carry her to her friends.

A QUESTION, *by R. Thomas, of Bridgewater.*

GIVEN $\frac{1}{2}x-\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{^2}x=195$ to find x.

The value of x in the above equation repreſents the number of volunteers in Bridgewater, who are ready to ſupport the common cauſe of their king and country againſt the daring inſults of their enemies.

Anſwer, by G. H. of Stoke Abbot, to W. Gifford's Rebus, inſerted October 31.

MAY heavenly bleſſings on us all deſcend,
And God from SATAN's power our ſouls defend!

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; John Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Rowe, of Wellington; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Rouſell, of Lopen; J. Ball, and Primroſe, of Taunton; John Squance, R. Holwell, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſtone; T. Bullock, of St Columb; R. Pentreath; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes royal ſtannary militia; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Bickham, of Aſhburton; and Recluſe, of Awliscombe.

Anſwers, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to the Rebus by Recluſe, and the Charade, by T. Rutger, both inſerted November 7.

AS o'er the ſolitary Lybian waſte,
The timid ROE-BUCK ſcours away in haſte;
Lo! the fierce TYGER, from the gloomy wood,
Oppreſs'd with hunger, thirſting after blood,
Obſerves with longing eyes, then ſprings away,
And eagerly purſues the feeble prey.

☞ The rebus on a TYGER has alſo been anſwered by J. Ball, of Taunton; and J. Chubb, of Everſhot.

☞ The charade on a ROEBUCK has alſo been anſwered by T. Bullock, of St. Columb; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; John Ball, of Taunton; R. Holwell, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Row, of Wellington; John Lewis, of Poole; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; E. R Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot.

A CHARADE, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

WHEN the vallies and the mountains
In their native ſplendour glow,
And the rivers, rills, and fountains,
Free from icy fetters flow.
Then my firſt, induſtrious creature!
From my next alternate flies;
And enrich'd from bounteous nature
Stores my whole with ſweet ſupplies.

A CHARADE, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.*

WITH my firſt I've often rambled,
To enjoy the ſweets of May,
When the ſportive lambkins gambol'd,
O'er the fields and meadows gay.

Tho' I'm not a diſtant rover,
Yet my ſecond oft I've ſeen,
Which you'll eaſily diſcover,
In your manſions, gents. I ween.

Now when theſe you have ſelected,
Place the ſame in order true,
A Britiſh town will be deteſted,
So my friends, adieu! adieu!

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ODE *to* CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WELCOME! thrice welcome happy morn,
Which saw our Blessed Saviour born,
Let man his voice employ,
To celebrate his love divine,
Let every human being join,
And testify his joy.

With grateful hearts your praises bring,
And make the vaulted welkin ring,
"A Saviour's born to day."
Strike, strike your strings each tuneful throng,
And lengthen out the glorious song,
And aid the vocal lay.

He came! Oh wondrous theme to tell!
To save our souls from death and Hell,
And all our sinful race;
He left the realms of light above,
To save by his redeeming love,
And his diffusive grace.

Yes! from the realms of light he came,
All hail Immanuel's glorious name
In never-ending strains!
For us what anguish did he feel,
The cruel thorns, the piercing steel,
Inflicting dreadful pains.

The glorious sun withdrew its light,
All nature shudder'd at the sight,
When on the cross he bled;
When from an undisturb'd repose,
Lo! from the silent grave arose
The long forgotten dead.

May love like his our hearts possess,
To sound his praise in every verse,
And every tongue inspire!
And may our notes with rapture rise
Until they reach the lofty skies,
And join the angelic choir.

Exeter, December, 1803.

P. GOVE, *Schoolmaster*.

A MOON-LIGHT WALK.

ALLUR'D by Cynthia's silver ray,
With wandering steps alone I stray
Where solemn silence unmolested reigns;
Afar from riot's vapourish light,
T' enjoy the sacred calm of night,
And, listening, catch her sweetly plaintive strains.

From far the soft responsive song,
Borne on the zephyr, floats along;
Nor aught is heard to interrupt the lay,
Save where the wearied peasant sleeps,
Secure while Tray the portal keeps,
Whose hollow notes extend their lengthen'd way;

Or where the solemn bird of night,
Exulting in the azure light,
Bids echo's voice repeat the drowsy theme;
Or crickets chirp beneath the thorn,
Whose twigs the glittering gems adorn,
That sport reflected in the limpid stream.

Pass'd is the fervid heat of day.
Now blustering storms are far away;
Beneath the covert of the bramble's shade
The glow-worm's shining lamp is seen,
Ting'd faintly with a silver green,
Spreading its radiance in the moon-light glade.

Sweet is this lonely midnight scene,
When all is tranquil and serene,
And weary nature sinks in calm repose;
Yet, many a downy pillow bears
A head perplex'd with torturing cares,
That vainly seeks a respite from its woes.

Contentment flies the gilded dome
And chuses for her envied home
The humble roof where peaceful virtue dwells;
She there displays her choicest flores,
And in the wounded bosom pours
Her soothing balm, and anxious fear dispels.

Grant me, O gentle nymph! those smiles
That life's uncertain path beguiles,
And round my cot diffuse thy cheering ray;

Let

Let peace of mind, and joy ſerene,
Calm as this ſilent, lovely ſcene,
Soothe every grief, and wipe each tear away.

TERPE.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

To a DECEMBER ROSE.

PREGNANT flow'r of ſweet delight!
Ever lovely to the ſight,
Shall ſtill thy radiant charms diffuſe,
Thoſe pleaſing ſmiles that e'er conſpire,
To ſwell the note of high-ſtrung lyre,
And wake to harmony the muſe.

Say ſacred child, to *ſilence* born!
Whoſe bloom out-vies the vernal morn;
Why thro' the danky gloom obſcure
Tranſpire thoſe bluſhing rays divine?
And round my raptur'd heart entwine
The grateful ties of friendſhip pure?

Is it from that paternal care
That ſcreens thee from the chilling air
Thou ſtill invok'ſt my future aid?
And thus thy redolence diſplay,
To elevate my heart more gay,
And wake to ſenſe myſelf repaid.

Or is that boon in which I pride
My ſelf, in flattering thought deny'd—
For a more gen'rous turn reſerv'd;
To hail more bright the gloomy day,
And thro' ſweet nature's ſkill diſplay
How much her works ſhould be rever'd.

O nature great! to thee I own,
The power reſides in thee alone
Thy wondrous beauties to diſcloſe;
Thoſe beauties which I'd fain preſerve,
And what for nought I'd make thee ſwerve,
But to protect my charming roſe!

Then let me to my roſe impart
Each friendly care, inſpir'd by art,
Thy greatneſs ſtill ſhall it diſplay;
And thus ſhall I be well repaid
For all my kindly yielded aid
To cheer with ſmiles the gloomy day.

Bloom on, ſweet flower! the goddeſs ſmiles,
And, thro' thy charms enlivening, tells
Me, ſtill the hand of care t'extend;
Nor ſhall that care be aught deny'd,
But be it e'er my conſtant pride
Thy matchleſs beauties to defend.

Clowance, Dec. 2, 1803. T. R.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

REJOICE! ye tenants of the earth,
And celebrate your Saviour's birth,
This is the happy morn
On which the angels did impart
Theſe tidings to each longing heart,
"Your Saviour Chriſt is born."

Behold a meteor ſhining bright
Conducts the eaſtern ſages right
To Judah's diſtant land;
And guides to Bethlehem their road,
Then fixes o'er his low abode,
Directed by his hand.

And there they found th' newborn king
To whom they did their off'rings bring,
And worſhipp'd at his feet:
While angels flying from their home,
Proclaim that he alone is come,
Salvation to complete!

For us theſe acclamations fly,
For us he's born below to die,
That we may reign above;
Then let us all our voices raiſe,
And ſound abroad our Saviour's praiſe,
For his unbounded love!

W. GIFFORD.

South Petherton, December 11.

On Dionyſius, of Syracuſe, who died with Joy, on being declared Victor, by the Judges of the Theatre at Athens.

O'ER fair Sicilia's fertile plains,
So once the gods and fate ordains,
(The gods and fate muſt man obey,)
A tyrant, with unbridled ſway,
Had rul'd of years a ſcore:
At length a poet's fame he ſought,
His verſe to attic judges brought;
From them he gains the palm—and dies;
Ah me! each ſad Sicilian cries.
Would he had tried before!

On the Æſculapian Staff with twiſted Serpents, painted as an Apothecary's Sign.

THESE ſerpents ſymbols are, no doubt,
And to the ſhop a-kin:
The images are placed without—
The poiſon lurks within.